

The True Northerner.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 27.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 1120.

SUPPOSE.

BY T. H. ROBERTSON.

He. Suppose.
Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst
With you to-night, had staid away to doze,
Or call upon Miss Grant, or play at whist—
Suppose?

She. Suppose.
You had? Think you I should have cared?
Indeed,
Ain't you a bit conceited—don't take my rose—
A gift to me, from whom? Well—Joseph
Mead.
Suppose?

He. Suppose.
It is? Then I'm to understand, Fadette—
If I must read your words as plainest prose—
My presence matters not to you—and yet—
Suppose—

She. Suppose.
You are to understand me? You're free?
Do, if you wish!—And—oh! the river's froze
What skating we shall have! To-morrow we—
That's Joe's—

He. And Joe.
Be hanged! It seems to me, Miss Lowe, that you
Are acting rather lightly: rumor goes
That he—well, since I seem to bore, adieu!
She.
Suppose—

He. Suppose.
We say good-night.
Good-night, sir, and good-bye!
He. What does this mean, Fadette? Are you—
She.
This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I
Suppose?

He. Compose.
Yourself, Fadette.
My name, sir, is Miss Lowe!
He. Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your
nose,
And—
He. Here's your ring, sir!
I receive, it, though
Suppose—

She. Suppose.
You do, sir?—
He. Enough, Miss Lowe, farewell!
This best. I've been deceived in you. Good-bye!
Conquered! a heartless flirt! a haughty belle
Who chose—

She. Suppose.
Oh!—oh! let's part as friends! I hate you—
there!
He. Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely
shows
You'll pardon me, a brute?
She. And—Frank—we'll never
—Scribner for September.

HAKIM, THE DREAMER.

Hakim, surnamed the Dreamer, was the only son of Hamet, one of the principal Ulemas of Constantinople, a privileged class who hold their lands independently of the will of the Grand Signor, and can only be dispossessed according to law. Having a wealthy and indulgent father, he was free to follow the bent of that inclination for indolent repose which is one of the leading traits of the followers of Mohammed, who, believing that Allah governs all things, take little pains to obtain the good graces or avoid the frowns of fortune. Among the race of indolent Musulmans, Hakim was the most indolent. He was never known to go out of his way to avoid a misfortune or attain a gratification; and a great portion of his time was passed in indolent contemplation, so profound that, in time, he became known by no other name than that of Hakim, the Dreamer.

His favorite place of resort was Scutari, an extensive cemetery, charmingly situated on a projecting point nearly opposite to the Seven Towers of the Seraglio, and where, amid the dead of past ages, he smoked his pipe, gazed around unconscious of the inspiration of the magnificent scene spread out before him, and fell into a state of mind, betwixt sleeping and waking, in which, though the senses are not actually dormant, the imagination often usurps their empire and palms upon them a thousand deceptions. One calm summer evening, when the long, lingering twilight threw its soft, hazy veil over the face of nature, and the Propontis lay spread out before him without a ripple, Hakim was seated under the shade of an aged tree that threw its wide branches over the tomb of the famous Derrina Al Hader, renowned for his sanctity among all orthodox Musulmans. The scene was beautiful beyond description. On one hand lay stretched out before him the vast capital of the empire of the Crescent, which, though shorn of its beams, still retains the vestiges of its former magnificence, rising from whose bosom might be seen the glittering domes and minarets of the splendid mosques of St. Sophia, of the Sultan Valida, and of Solyman, the Magnificent. On the other hand, the glassy mirror of the Propontis, glowing with the purple rays of the setting sun, and thickly covered with vessels, whose white sails hung idly from the mast, spread far and wide, bounded, in the distance, by the smiling coast of the ancient Nicomedia. In another direction might be seen the opening of the far-famed Bosphorus, on whose shores the adventurous Argonauts landed to search for the golden fleece; where Pollux slew the giant Amycus; where good old Phineus was persecuted by the Harpies, and which is infamous in the eyes of all the advocates of free trade for being the first place on record where a custom house was established.

But Hakim saw not these beauties. He was unconscious of the present, and of the past he was ignorant. His eyes indeed roved from one object to another, but without seeing anything, and his mind was equally excurive without dwelling on any one object. But his imagination remained wide awake, excited as it was by the fumes of his pipe, re-enforced by a pill of opium, which Hakim, being an absolute teetotaler, was accustomed to swallow to give additional zest to his reveries. At length, by degrees, the entire scene around him faded away, or at least he became for a time totally unconscious of its existence as well as his own, and the following pageant passed over his head:

It seemed as if he were transported, he knew not how, to those times and regions in which mankind embodied their own passions, feelings and appetites in the form of gods and worshipped

monsters of their own creation. It chanced that he arrived at the moment when Jupiter, becoming tired with the never-ceasing complaints of the human race concerning the unequal distribution of happiness, and disgusted with their perpetual envy of each other's lot, had determined to punish them in a most exemplary manner, by granting their prayers and permitting them to exchange lots with those whose situation in life they considered most happy. Accordingly he had commanded the goddess Fame to proclaim by sound of trumpet to the uttermost ends of the earth, that all those who were discontented with their lot, or envied that of others, should come together at the foot of Olympus, bringing their cares, anxieties, misfortunes and sufferings in a sack, for the purpose of exchanging with those whom they most envied.

Quick as lightning, and ere the echoes of the trumpet had ceased to reverberate among the recesses of Olympus, it seemed to Hakim as if the entire human race was in motion. Myriads on myriads came rushing upward, treading on each other's heels and striving to get foremost, that they might have the first choice among the mountains of packs that soon rose almost as high as the seat of Jove. Amid the dim obscurity of a vision it was impossible for Hakim to remember the vast diversity of cases that presented themselves, or what infinite modes and forms of real or imaginary sufferings occasioned by an abuse of the blessings bestowed by Providence, were huddled together in the mighty mass. A few only were afterward distinctly remembered by him, and when there seemed to be no more coming the goddess again sounded her trumpet, proclaiming that all those who at the expiration of a year became dissatisfied with their exchange of lots, might return to that which they had discarded.

The first who deposited their packs, according to the recollection of Hakim, were a master and his slave, who, by the sovereign will of Jove, exchanged lots with each other, and both went their way rejoicing. Then came a married man and a bachelor; next a single and married woman; after them a childless couple, and one bearing a large family; next a king and a beggar, followed by a rich glutton and a poor laborer; and then a philosopher and a fool. All these, and millions more, exchanged lots, and tripped away delighted with their new burdens.

Last of all came a venerable old man, with a long white beard flowing down upon his breast, and a pale face scarred with the deep lines of thought, as well as the still deeper furrows of age. Even Jupiter appeared struck with his appearance, and questioned him as to the purpose of his visit.

"Oh! mighty Jove," exclaimed the old man in flattering accents, "I have passed my whole life in study and travel. I know all the past. I have seen all the present, but of the future I am as ignorant as the child unborn. Make me, I beseech thee, as wise as the dead—let me know what is to come hereafter."

"Oh! foolish and presumptuous mortal, thou art ignorant, with all thy wisdom and experience, of what thou askest. Knowest thou not that all things are ordained by fate, and that thy knowledge will only make thee more wretched, by showing thee a thousand evils thou canst not avoid and rendering thee incapable of enjoying the 'present' in the dread of the future? But, take thy wish; go, and become as wise as the dead."

At that moment the old man shuddered, and ran away as fast as his feeble limbs would permit, looking behind with glaring eyes, as if chased by a thousand fiends.

When the prescribed period had passed, which seemed to Hakim but a moment, the trumpet was again sounded, and, to his astonishment, not only the crowd was as great as before, but constituted the very same persons. The goddess greeted them with a significant smile, and, looking wistfully at Jove, who gave a gracious nod, asked, one by one, what they desired. The first that came were the master and his slave, the former of whom answered as follows:

"To exchange lots again. I am tired of having no will of my own."
"And I," said the other, "have learned that it is much more trouble to govern than to be governed. Give me my pack again."

Next came the bachelor and the married man. The former, on being interrogated by the goddess, replied:

"Beneficent lady, I come for my old pack. Be pleased to understand, however, that I admire such beautiful goddesses as you are, and reverence the highly respectable institution of matrimony. Yet inasmuch as the colt which is expected to be obedient under the saddle must be bridled betimes, so, may I please your divinity, should the bachelor be broke in early, or he will, peradventure, kick up incontinently." With this, he eagerly seized his old pack, and, bled away, paying a compliment to a beautiful damsel as he passed.

The married man who had exchanged his pack with the bachelor hereupon eagerly seized that he had just discarded, and was making off with it, when the goddess demanded what reason he had to be dissatisfied with the lot he had chosen.

"May it please your goddessship," replied he, "the moment I regained my freedom I did not know what to do with myself. Being resolved to make the most of my newly-acquired liberty, I plunged into all the gayeties of life; visited all places of public amusement; frequented the society of ladies, where I made love to them, and was laughed

at; and, in short, labored harder in the pursuit of pleasure than I ever did to please my wife or support my family. I found myself in the situation of a top which cannot stand without a good whipping, and so I came back for my pack again."

Next in order came the childless couple and the couple having many children, who exchanged their lots once more, one declaring that children gave more trouble than pleasure; the other that the cares and anxieties of the parent were doubly repaid by that pleasure of possessing these pledges of love. "Of all the vexations of this world," exclaimed the first, "cross, disobedient children are the worst;" and of all the enjoyments of this world, cried the second, "there is nothing equal to the smiles and endearments of infancy."

They were followed by the king and the beggar, the former of whom retained little, and the latter had acquired much of the air noble.

"Well!" said the goddess, inquiringly. "Let me be a king once more," said the monarch; "though in some respects there is no great difference between us. Both are beggars, having nothing but what they derive from the labors of others. The king is, however, a beggar in a greater sense, and that makes the station more dignified."

"Give me my pack again," said the beggar, "for may I be phlebotomized—that is to say, bitten to death by fleas—if I had not rather eat crumbs out of my hat, sleep under a sky blanket, and wear my birthday suit all the year, than take the trouble of governing such a disorderly, discontented, disobedient set of rascally Democrats as now make the task of governing mankind, which was formerly as easy as kiss your hand, rather more than driving a herd of swine. Come, my old friend," continued he, "shouldering his pack and limping away after his majesty, of whom he begged charity in the most earnest and affecting manner."

The rich man and the poor laborer came next, and seemed to have exchanged persons as well as lots, for the former looked hard and scanty, while the latter had become bilious and bloated, and halted marvelously in his gait. They re-exchanged their lots with apparently equal satisfaction.

"When I was rich," said the first, "I lacked appetite; but then I had plenty of food, which, on the whole, is better than being hungry and having nothing to eat."

"When I was poor," said the other, "to be sure I lacked leisure and food, but when I became rich I was still worse, for I had neither appetite nor rest. It cost me more labor to digest one dinner than to earn a dozen, and, instead of sleeping quietly, I was constantly ridden by the nightmare, which is ten times worse than walking on foot all day. Besides, I had got a bad temper in exchange for a good one, and was always fretting at something. Then this confounded toe of mine ah, what a twinge!" exclaimed he, making a marvelous cry, and snatching up the pack which the other had thrown away, walked off with a firm step to his daily labor.

After these had retired, the wise man and the fool approached.

"I am sick of having nothing to think of," said the one.

"I am tired of always thinking," exclaimed the other. "Since I became wise, I find myself only the more conscious of my ignorance, and my sole amusement is in laughing at those fools who pass their whole lives in learning much and knowing nothing. Give me my cap and bells. Good-by wisdom and welcome folly." So saying he departed, making enormous grimaces and cutting the most stupendous capers.

Even the immortal Jove could not forbear smiling at this exhibition, and was indulging his merry humor, when there approached the aged man, with venerable countenance and long white beard sweeping down over his breast, on whom had been bestowed the knowledge of futurity.

"Thou mayest remember, Oh mighty Jupiter," said he, "that exactly one year ago, I, in the presumptuous ignorance of my soul, begged of thee the gift of knowledge of the future as well as of the past and present. Thou didst graciously grant my request, and, like yonder fool, I went my way rejoicing. But ever since that hour I have enjoyed neither peace nor rest. The recollections of the past, the happiness of the present, are all swallowed up in the contemplation of the future, and the dread anticipation of a train of certain evils and sufferings that pass like grim specters before my aching eyes, foretelling and foredooming unutterable woes to come. Take back thy gift, Oh! mighty Jove! and let me be blind as before!"

Jupiter shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod of fate. The old man seemed relieved of a mighty burden, and, after standing a few moments, sighed and said, "Alas! what now remains for an old man like me?"

"To be content with thy lot in this world, and deserve a better if thou canst," cried Jupiter, in a voice so loud and dread that it aroused Hakim from his reverie, and, seeing that darkness had gathered around, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and returned to the city, pondering on his dream.

A PHYSICIAN in the Isle of Wight uses a homing pigeon to assist him in his labors. After visiting a village he writes a list of the prescriptions needed there, ties it to the leg of a pigeon, and lets it go home. His assistant at home is thus able to get the prescription, put up the medicine, and send it to its destination, while the physician proceeds to his next village.

WILD BILL, THE SCOUT.

What an Old Associate Says of Him.

Jack Malone, a frontiersman, furnishes the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* with some interesting incidents in the life of "Wild Bill," alias Jas. B. Hickok, who was killed at Deadwood City a short time since by Jack McCall, a Black Hills desperado. Hickok was a native of Illinois, and his mother and sisters yet live near Galena, in that State. His brother (named William) is a wagon boss in New Mexico. According to Malone, Wild Bill was the only frontiersman who would take his pistols off and fight a square fight with any one who wanted to settle a dispute in that way. He was always anxious to avoid a quarrel, but, if he found he was going to be forced into one, took good care to get the drop on his enemy, and he was a sure shot. He would rather indulge in poker than eat, on one occasion having played in his last earthly possession—a black and tan terrier.

Bill was generous to a fault (Mr. Malone continued, in his remarks to the reporter), and although he had found it necessary to kill about a score of men in his time, still it is to be regretted that he himself was shot down "without a show." In 1860 Bill was driving a bull team at Leavenworth, but afterward took a train to Denver, Col. One of his first fights was with a gang in Dovertown, two miles above Fort Kearney. He and Bill Story killed three men there. He was next heard of at Virginia City, where great rivalry existed between two sets of road agents, and it was there that Bill made the enemies that forced him into the biggest fight of his life. He came across the plains as a Union scout with the Second Colorado in 1863. While they were encamped on Walnut creek, near Marysville, Kan., Hickok called on a Mrs. Walters, having been a great friend of her husband. She begged him, for God's sake, to leave, saying that ten men from Virginia City had arranged to come and kill him. "Well, little woman, don't be frightened. Get behind the chimney, and we'll stop 'em," was the scout's reply. The gang finally surrounded the house, and the leader shouted, "Is Wild Bill here?" "Yes, come and get him," was the answer, and two of the invading party were shot dead as they endeavored to enter. The others turned and ran. Bill stepped to the door, rifle in hand, and at a distance of 250 yards shot and instantly killed a third one of the party. He always considered this the best shot he ever made.

In 1865, while the deceased was keeping a lively stable at Springfield, Mo., he quarreled with Joe Tutt over a card table, and next day Mr. Tutt was gathered to his fathers—being shot through the heart in the public square. Wild Bill never waited to see the effect of his shot, but wheeled on Tutt's friends, and asked if any more shooting was wanted by them. They appeared to be satisfied.

In 1868 Hickok turned up as Sheriff of Ellis county, Kan., with headquarters at Hays City. A fellow named Sam Strawn had followed him from Springfield to avenge the death of Tutt; but Wild Bill got the drop on him, and he fell dead, shot through the neck by the man who never missed his mark. The next man whose turn it was to die at the hands of Wild Bill was Bill Mulvey, a notorious rough from St. Joseph, Mo. He was shot back of the right ear. For this service Sheriff Hickok was tendered a vote of thanks.

Wild Bill's next difficulty was with eight or ten soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry, who invited him into a bar-room at Hays to take a drink. While standing at the bar he was knocked down by one of the blue coats. The minute he struck the floor his pistol was out, and, unfortunately, he killed a man who was trying to make peace, and also another who participated in the attack. Hickok then fled, and subsequently turned up as Marshal of Abilene, Kansas. Here it was that he killed a brother of McCall, the man that murdered him.

During the last year or two Bill had been playing the gentleman in Kansas City, St. Louis, and elsewhere, organizing Black Hills expeditions, etc.

Mortal Enemy to the Grasshopper.
The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Pioneer-Press* says: "There has heretofore been some talk about a parasite having been found adhering to the grasshopper, which it was fondly hoped would ultimately exterminate that destructive insect. Early in the spring several parties forwarded to this office specimens of the 'hoppers, underneath whose wings could plainly be seen a little bug, which, it was alleged, was surely killing the grasshopper. It is needless to say that this hope was never realized, and that no substantial relief was furnished by any labors of the parasite upon the live hopper. Now, however, we have a different story to tell, and there is almost positive evidence to prove that the remedy is at hand in the shape of an egg-eating bug, which is surely and certainly destroying all the eggs laid by the grasshoppers this year, thus insuring Minnesota an exemption from the ravages of this voracious and destructive insect next year. This bug is of a deep red color, about the size of a flea, or rather a louse, resembling the latter somewhat in its shape and movements. Ex-Gov. Stephen Miller has forwarded to President Drake, of the St. Paul and Sioux City road, a box full of earth which originally contained a mass of grasshopper eggs, but which had been transformed by these parasites into a quantity of loose soil, mingled with the remnants of discolored egg-shells, with a multitude of the fat little red bugs

prancing around on the surface, apparently in pursuit of something more to eat. As to the utility and complete success of these bugs as destroyers of the grasshopper eggs, there would seem to be no doubt; the minds of those who have given the subject a general examination, as well as of those who have personally inspected their mode of operation and the places where they have already utterly destroyed the eggs laid by the 'hoppers a few weeks ago."

The Grace Darling of America.

Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling of America," continues to be an object of attraction, and daily she receives callers at the little Lime Rock Lighthouse, located in this harbor, near Fort Adams. It is several years since she has saved any lives, yet she is ever on the alert to render assistance when needed. The only occupants of the lighthouse now besides herself are her sister and mother, her father having died a few years ago. Not finding married life congenial to her taste, Ida returned to her romantic home, and is again known by the name of "Lewis," instead of "Wilson," and it is not probable that she will again leave her aged mother for the attractions of married life. Daily she may be seen in the harbor managing her row-boat—one of the prettiest in the place, and one of her numerous presents for her gallantry in saving life—and, of course, her movements are watched by the strangers upon being informed that she is the young lady of whom they have heard so often. A few days ago she went to Rocky Point, and, like numerous other ladies, engaged a boat and went rowing. She thought no one knew her, but in this she was mistaken, for she had no sooner pushed off when the excursionists at that place rushed to the wharf to see her wonderful movements. She remained in the boat for a long time, and showed the curious spectators what she could do with a boat. Everybody was delighted, and she was repeatedly applauded. It was one of the chief attractions at that charming summer resort on that day, and the lessee of the place thought it would be a good idea to have her visit that locality every day for the benefit of the guests. Frequently in this harbor she passes others engaged in the same business, and by her movements challenges the gentlemen or lady occupants of the boats to a race. They are usually beaten, and a few days ago she led by twenty yards another row-boat manned by a veteran in the business, and who, in the collection of ship news, is obliged to use his oars every day. She is quite young, not being over thirty, and is considered very fair-looking by those who are judges of such matters. She speaks of the many lives she has saved with unusual modesty, and we have never heard of her expressing herself otherwise than thankful that it was her duty to risk her own life for the benefit of others. She takes the responsibility of having the lighthouse properly cared for, and the mariner has yet to be found who can say that the Lime Rock Lighthouse was not found lighted every time he has entered or left this port, and it is hoped the Government will continue to allow her to be its keeper as long as she is willing to perform its onerous duties. —*Newport Letter in the New York Herald.*

Thrilling Romance of the Ball Field.

Chap. I.—"This, then, Miss Bangs, is your final answer?" "Irrevocably so," was the proud reply.

Chap. II.—They make a pretty picture standing in the doorway of her father's mansion; he, the Captain of the Melon Stealers, tall and strong in limb, and the hero of his little first base in many a hot contested game. She, the daughter of the banker who had wagered the entire assets of the bank and deposits of many a poor man on the return game between the Moth Eradicator and the home club on the following day. Our hero's answer came hot and quick: "Then," cried he, "to-morrow's setting sun will shine upon the beggar daughter of a ruined man. It rests with me to throw the game on which your proud father's wealth is staked. You have tonight settled your own fate. So be it. Good night!" and turning himself seven times round on his heel, at the same time boring a large hole in the hall carpet. Mose Fitz Allen was gone.

Chap. III.—Prominent among the immense crowd assembled on the grounds is the pale face of Amelia Bangs. The Moth Eradicator are at the bat on the last half of the ninth inning, with two men out and one man on the third, and the score stands 53 to 53. "Will that man get in?" is the breathless question which pervades the scene. Mose Fitz Allen, standing on the first base, mutters, "Now for revenge! Now do I give the thing away! Ah!" and his face was distorted with passion like a mud-ball dried in the sun. "Two strikes!" yells the umpire. The batter must hit it next time. He does hit it, and a fly mounts and descends beautifully to Mose. "Take it Mose," goes out from the throat of Banker Bangs and hundreds of his friends. "Not if Mose is thoroughly acquainted with himself," is his low response, and the ball passes through his hands and the man on third goes home. Score, 54 to 53.

Chap. IV.—Two months later finds Amelia Bangs taking in plain sewing, her father the janitor of the Old Exchange, and Mose, though somewhat troubled in mind, still takes his beer.—*Old City Derrick.*

PROBABLY you have heard why a minister delivering his peroration is like a ragged boy. Because he's told his close, you know. It is hardly apparel case, however. —*Boston Transcript.*

Pith and Point.

THE proper name for a quack doctor—Charlotte-Ann.

It is impolite to speak of a man being confined in jail. They say he is "temporarily inhaling a strained atmosphere."

The humble-bee, the humble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
For he had to get home to his early tea.
The humble-bee, the humble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the tree.
And he never got home to his early tea.
—St. Nicholas for September.

"ALPHONSO, dear, what is the difference between our Thanksgiving and those revolting Turkish provinces?" "Really, Clementina, I can't say. What is it?" "Why, you see, here we have Turkey in Christians; there they have Christians in Turkey."

Biddy—"Did yez ever see a finer wake, a nicer funeral or a purtier corpse than Paddy's?" Kate—"Niver." "Vant." Biddy—"And do yez know Paddy was that natural loike, had he come to life and got out of his coffin to see himself in it, bedad he himself wouldn't have known he was dead."

ROME has one of the shrewdest and most reliable weather prophets in the world. Being asked whether he thought this would be a cold winter or not, he looked at the sun, dug up some roots of grass, examined the husks of a dozen ears of corn, and then said, impressively, "I don't know." Events will undoubtedly prove that he was right.

A MAN whose reputation was none of the best, recently retired into the country to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. A gentleman, noticing that he always carried a heavy stick at night, asked: "Why this precaution? Doesn't he know that the road is safe?" "Of course," replied a friend; "he is the last man not to be aware of the efficiency of the police."

"Why, husband," exclaimed a Chicago wife, not long since, "there goes our old neighbor's family in a brand-new rig—coach, horses and coachman. Has he gone into bankruptcy again?" "No, he hasn't gone into bankruptcy," replied the husband, knowingly, "but you remember he was elected to the city Council last year!" N. B.—Chicago Aldermen get no salaries.

A CERTAIN physician on the Public Square, says the *Cleveland Leader*, has a large card hung up in his office with these words printed thereon: "Book agents and peddlers charged five dollars an hour for conversation." The other day a book agent came and was just beginning a rignarole about "the latest and best work on—" when the physician pointed to the card. He read the words over but once, when he handed the physician a five-dollar bill and was about to commence operations again, when the man of medicine said: "Take a chair, please, and keep your money. Hand me your subscription book." He has now bought a brace of derringers.

If anybody still clings to the idea that Detroit is an old fogy town that man is laying up sorrow for his soul. They do business here without any fooling around or clanking off. Yesterday, after dinner, a man walked into a Grand River avenue grocery and said: "Name's Jones—No. 18 Smith street—send up butter—nice and hard—four pounds—charge it." The grocer was posting up his cash book, and without even raising his eyes from the page he replied, "Butter's cash—can't do it." "All right—go t' thunders!" said the customer, as he turned to go. "I will—good-by," replied the grocer, and in another minute the store was as lonely as before. —*Free Press.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

The people of Vancouver's Island are considerably agitated on account of the general supposition that the Dominion government has practically abandoned the scheme of a Canadian Pacific railway, the western terminus of which had been promised to the Island. On the occasion of Lord Dufferin's recent visit to Victoria he was waited upon by a deputation of citizens, who presented an address setting forth the grievances of the Province in the matter of the railroad project. Lord Dufferin declined to receive the addresses, but referred the petitioners to the Crown. A good deal of feeling is manifested by the Islanders, and there is open talk of a separation from the Dominion unless the railroad is built according to the original agreement. The Toronto *Globe*, speaking with authority as a ministerial organ, denies that the government has abandoned the Pacific railroad project.

The Length of Days.

At London, Eng., and at Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has 18½ hours.

At Hamburg, Germany, and at Dantzic, Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours, and the shortest 7 hours.

At St. Petersburg, in Russia, and at Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day has 19 hours and the shortest 5 hours.

At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has 21½ hours, and the shortest 2½ hours.

At Wardhuys, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 2, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the shortest day is 3½ hours.

At New York the longest day, June 20, has 14 hours and 56 minutes; Montreal, 15½ hours.

A NORWICH gentleman who couldn't decide to which one of the leading American colleges to send his son, has now concluded to enter him in the one that made the poorest time at the recent boat races at Saratoga. He thinks there is more studying and less boat-racing in that institution. —*Norristown Herald.*